

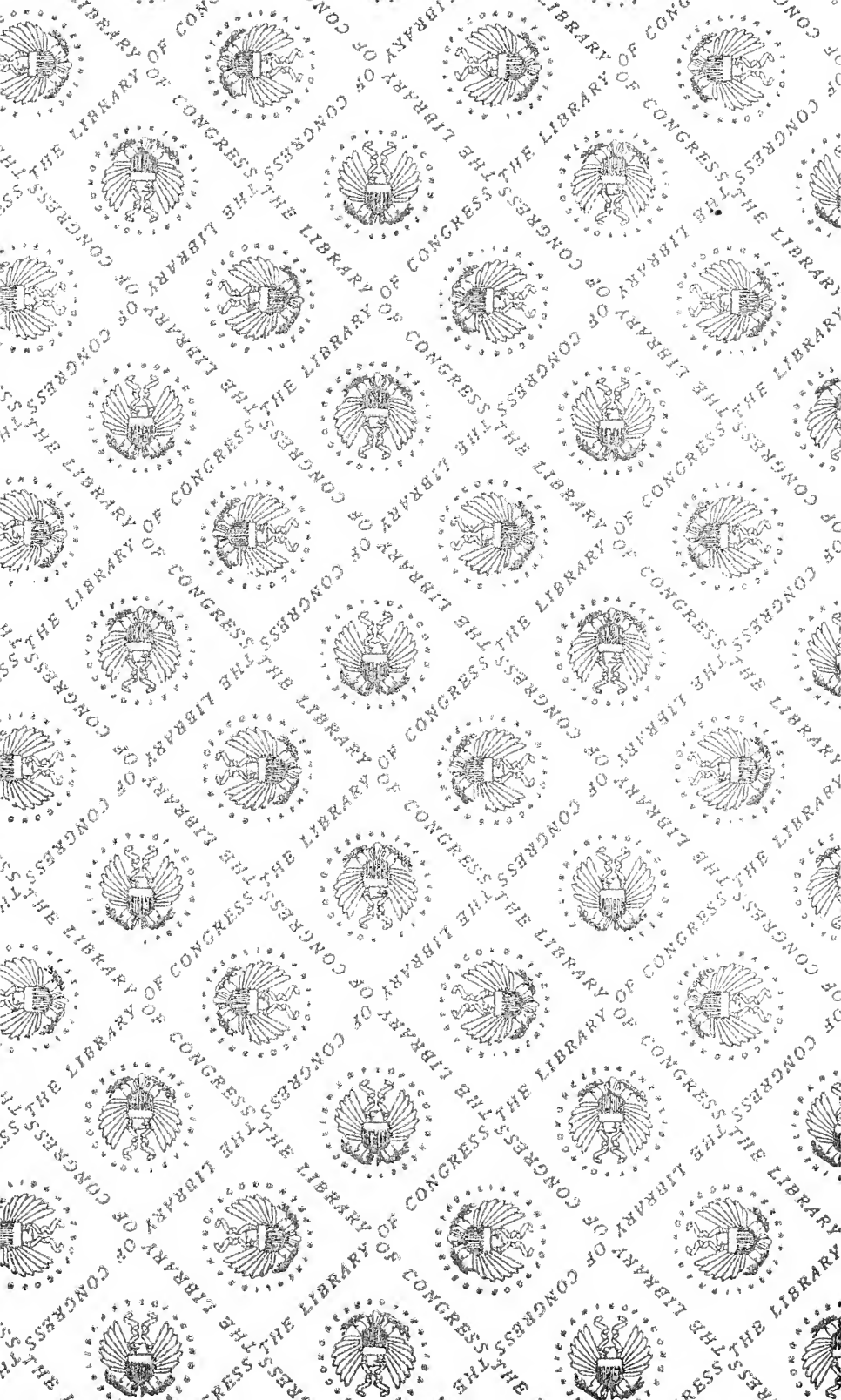
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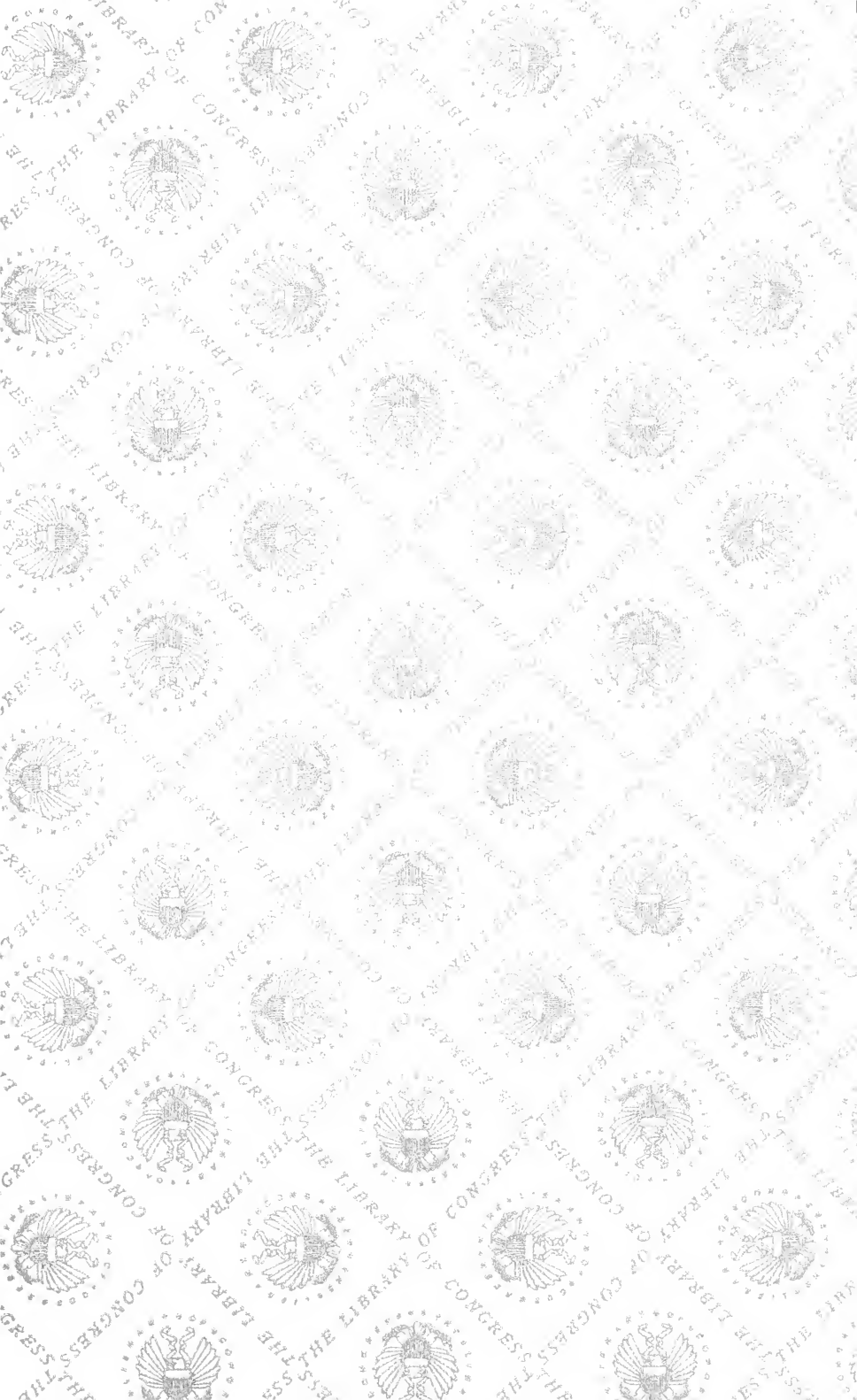
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CHRISTMAS OFFERING:

BY MRS. ELIZABETH DIMOND,

OF BRISTOL, R. I.

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MRS. SMITH,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR FRIEND:

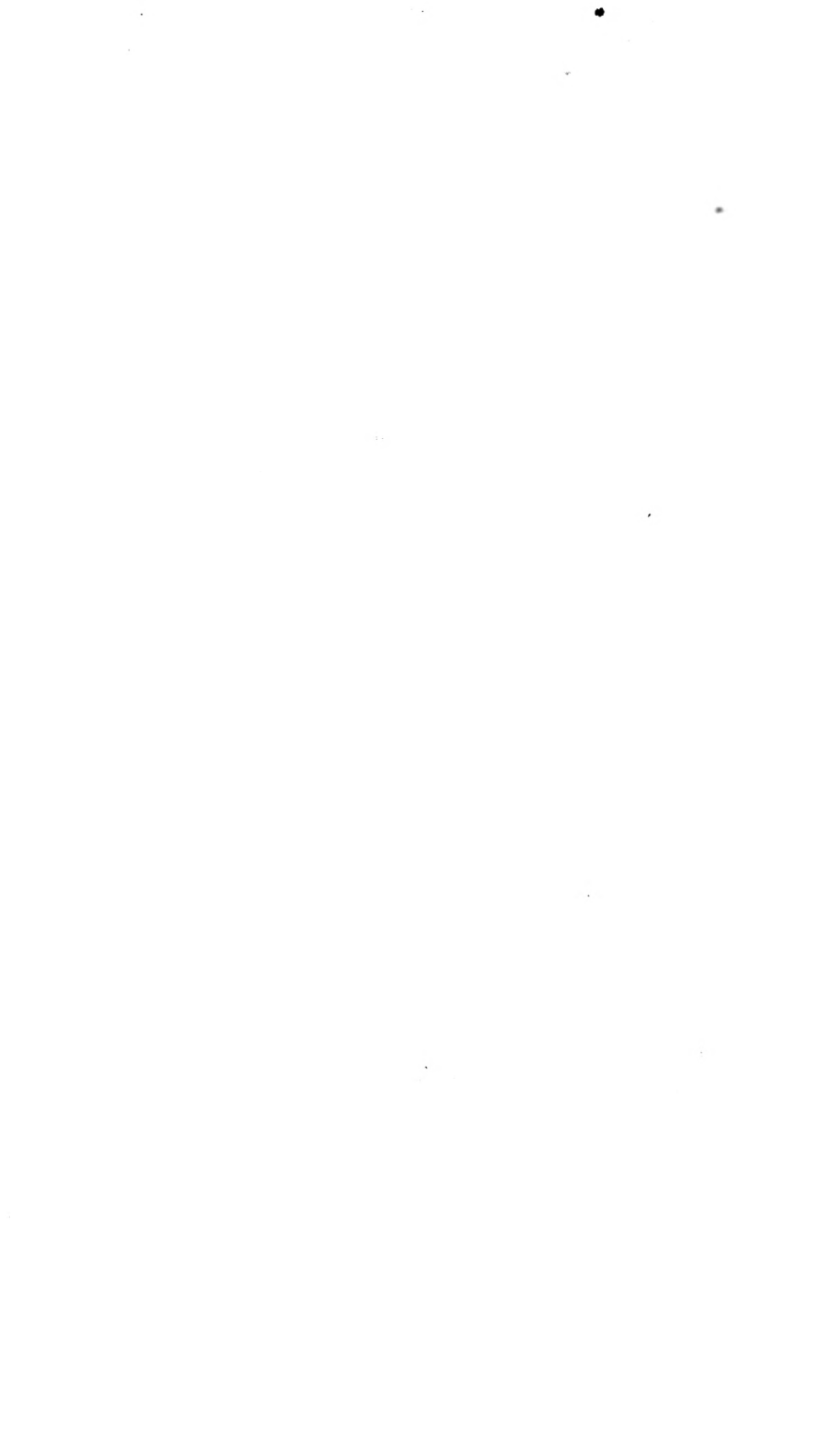
You may be surprised to hear that your old friend, in her eighty-fourth year, while musing upon God's mercy and wisdom, has brought forth this little poem on Creation; which, together with others, permit me to inscribe to you, wishing you a prolongation of the prosperity and happiness you enjoy.

I am yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH DIMOND.

BRISTOL, R. I., Dec. 18, 1847.





A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

THOUGHTS ON CREATION.

SAYS the watchman, "And what of the night?

It often brings seasons of sorrow,
When dark and beclouded with sin ;
But ah ! it may sweeten to-morrow,
If a ray of God's favor breaks in.

How dark and how gloomy was Chaos ;
But God by his own matchless plan,
Call'd this beautiful world from its darkness,
And did safe on its axle-tree hang !

And Jesus, our Savior, was present,
For his was the word of command ;
He spangled those orbs in their greatness,
For good and for glory to man."

The angels in wonder stood gazing,
Till Sol darts his beams to their view ;
"What is there in the East that is blazing—
That pearls all the drops of the dew ?"

"'Tis the Sun," Great Messiah then answered,
"'Tis the Sun," say the angels, "'tis true ;
From thee it beams glory and greatness,
And bears up thy own title too."

Great Sol, arise ! and spread thy lustre high—
Go warm the earth, and decorate the sky !
When thou retir'st, the silver moon will rise,

With pearly radiance, o'er those spangled skies !
Without a cloud to intercept thy way,
Go, clearly shine, and make the evening gay !
God saw his work was great, when it he view'd,
Approved the same, 'and then pronounced it good.
And why this garden, walled so rich and fair,
With glittering stone that is beyond compare—
With walks, and bowers, and interwoven scenes,
With silver rivulets that roll between,
Tossing their golden pebbles in the stream !
Here richest fruits, in clusters ripe and fair, .
And variegated blooms perfume the air ;
Here beast of every kind, playful yet mute,
And birds with plumage gay, and warbling throat,
Chanting to their Maker with melodious note !
And is the richness of these fruits conceal'd,
That grow spontaneous in this fertile field ?
Is no one here these sweets to taste ? And none the
banquet share ?

Within these walls is a majestic form,
Graceful and noble as the rising morn !
Adam ! survey thy wond'rous form, and see
The image of thy God is stamped on thee !
Be grateful, then, and be obedient, too ;
For this respect is to thy Sov'reign due.
And here are richest fruits in store for thee ;
And all is thine, except that hallow'd tree :
And should'st thou touch it, thou shall surely die !
I have pronounced ! Ask not the reason why.”
Then Adam bows assent, and walks the rounds,
To view the beauties of these fertile grounds—
He stops to listen to the bubbling stream,
That gently trickles down the sloping green ;
And on his way he views the crystal pond
Where gold-fish play.

Delighted with the scene, he looks above,
Adores the greatness of the God of Love.

But day is done :

Beyond the western hills now sinks the sun.
Adam with wonder views the evening scene—
The first fair twilight he had ever seen.
But now with drowsy sleep his eyes are pressed,
For God has sanctioned all creation rest.
In Christian attitude kneels to the shrine,
And offers up his prayers in words divine ;
Then to his mossy pillow Adam goes,
Nought to disturb or break his soft repose.
He sleeps secure till morning light appears,
And birds of Paradise salute his ears.
Then o'er some loaded bough his arm he's flung,
Addressed his Maker with his morning song.
Then to the willow'd meads he did repair,
To view his flocks, and see them gambol there.
With scrutiny, he sees each has a friend ;
In his own bosom he thus contends :
But why am I exempt, my mind is good,
And I've a speech well to be understood——
But here's my Sov'reign." "Adam, answer! why
That downcast look—that soft, expressive sigh?
Will not a Paradise for thee suffice?"
"Great Sov'reign! oft I stand in ecstasy,
Viewing the greatness of thy Deity!
I know thy works are infinite, supreme,
And canst answer every wished for scheme."
"Adam! I see thy faith is strong ;
Speak thy request, nor hesitate too long."
"A friend, a partner give to sweeten life,
And then these rural scenes are Paradise,
Then, Adam, sleep! and to thee I'll give
A form for whom thou'lt ever wish to live.

Then from his side the ivory bone he takes,
 A beauteous woman of the same he makes.
 But O! our hearts are bent on pleasure here—
 The disappointment oft times is severe.
 But Adam wanders forth we know not where,
 And leaves alone the unprotected fair.
 The fiend, on search, the separation knew—
 "This is my time, and I'll improve it, too:
 Say, beauteous Eve, hast thou no greater mind,
 Than to these simple flowers to be confined?
 Take this delicious fruit, and then you'll see
 That greater glories are in store for thee."
 "That is forbidden fruit; O no! not I;
 For if I eat, then I must surely die."
 "Misrepresented is the fruit I give;
 I eat the same, and yet you see I live."
 Her innocence had never known a lie;
 So to his treacherous art she did comply.
 She took the apple! When she ate the same,
 The poisonous juice had tainted every vein.

But Adam comes.

"Say, lovely Eve, where is thy beauty fled?
 Where is the bloom that tinged thy cheek with red?

Who has been here?"

"A treacherous friend! and I believed his lie:
 I ate the apple—I alone must die.
 In some remotest corner let me be,
 And die alone, dear friend, unseen by thee.
 Dear Adam, do not grieve;
 Perhaps thy God will grant another Eve."
 "No other Eve shall e'er entwine this heart:
 Bone of my bone, from thee I cannot part.
 He ate the apple, while all nature grieved,
 And every leaf became a sensitive.
 But oh, the black'ning cloud to heaven arose,

And all the horror of their sins exposed !
 And all was silent till God's holy Son,
 Array'd in glory, to his Father came.
 " Father of mercies ! let thy will be done :
 Oh, cast the sinner's burden on thy Son ;
 For I alone their advocate will be,
 And their redemption will be found through me.
 For when this world is peopled o'er with men,
 Then Satan will resume his power again—
 So blind their eyes, and cause their hearts to sin.
 I will be mortal—I will dwell with them,
 And cast this monster to his lowest den.
 For on the cross sinners will raise me high :
 For their redemption willingly I die."
 But what does God require for sins like this ?
 Believe and live, and Christ secures the bliss.

SWEET HOME.

This permanent home ! O the thoughts how sublime,
 To chant with the angels with voices divine !
 To know as we're known—how delightful the scene,
 Where no sin and no sorrow can there intervene.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

Dear Jesus, our guide, thou hast purchas'd this home,
 By thy blood-streaming side our redemption was
 won ;

Draw us by the cords, all bedew'd with thy love,
 Then safe we shall rest in thy bosom above.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

Our Father has told us, in accents of love,
 To look to the star that doth glitter above.

No eye ever saw, and no heart can conceive,
Of the glory unfolded to saints that believe.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF MY GRANDSON.

AND is this little darling doomed to roam,
And cross the treacherous ocean for a home ?
And must the cruel barque his cradle be ?
And must the billows waft him far from me ?

How oft, when grief has crowded round my heart,
I have caressed him, to forget a part :
How oft I've long'd his dear departed sire
Could view these fleeting charms that I so much
admire.

I, in the infant, could the father see ;
Which binds the tie so doubly dear to me.
Oh, thou auspicious Power ! send thou thy aid—
Protect the worthy mother and the babe.

Oh, thou bright orb of night ! be thou their light,
To guide the helmsman in his onward flight ;
Then may the father, with unsullied joy,
Clasp in his arms his much loved wife and boy.



ON A FROSTY MORNING.

One frosty morn on window high,
This beauteous leaf was traced
By Nature's art ; her hand supplied
The crystal square to grace.

Angelic Nature, how divine
Thy brilliant beauties be !
No India pearl, though rare refined,
Can vie, bright frost, with thee.

AFTER A SNOW STORM.

Oh, Abby, dear, have you the scene survey'd,
And viewed this beauteous carpet Nature's made ?
Not only in one spot its beauty 's shone,
But every building wears a milk-white dome.

How did you like the grand, majestic throng,*
Waving their banners as they wade along ?
Their noble bells they called a grand review,
To see this beauteous carpet cut in two.

* After a great fall of snow, sleds, with cattle attached, filled with men and boys, with floating banners and merry bells, cut their way through the snow ; thus making the streets passable for lighter vehicles, and for foot passengers.



TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER.

My dearest child, thy features oft I trace,
And view the opening beauties of thy face ;
I see thy bosom, as the matchless dove,
Impressed with virtue and the seat of love.

Thy pleasing smile, more sweet than morning dew,
Will gain the heart of him that's formed for you ;
But if the youth should offer you his hand,
Don't be in haste, but let the bargain stand.

Consult the friend who ever loves you best ;
For in her council you may safely rest.
Oh, may your days be cast in Fortune's bower,
There safely dwell, and bless the tranquil hour.

May Fortune smile, to grace thy peaceful lot,
And strew thy path with sweet forget-me-not.

TO ROSALIE.

Sweet Rosalie, say, will you take
This tiny gift for friendship's sake ?
Yes : Friendship will forever shine,
Upon a brow so fair as thine.

Then may the union lasting be,
Between dear Isabelle and thee.
Oh, I forgot ; 'tis sweet May-day,
When Flora paints the mead so gay.

Go to your own romantic bower,
 And gather there the choicest flower ;
 Entwine your wreath with snow-drops, too,
 And then 'twill more resemble you.

LINES,

On presenting two Italian images, in the attitude of dancing, with tambourine and bowl in hand, to a friend.

Dear Madam, we of late have left our homes,
 To view the beauties of your stately rooms ;
 I do admire them ! they're so grand and neat ;
 And with your kind consent I'll take a seat.

Seat, did I say ? Oh, no ; I meant to stand ;
 Because, dear Madam, we're at your command.
 But where's Miss China Aster ?*—that's too plain ;
 The sweet-stock Gillyflower shall be her name.
 I hear she's very good, as well as gay ;
 Perhaps she'll intercede for us to stay.
 And where is grand-mama, who's so discreet ?
 We'd bow respectfully before her feet ;
 And cousin Hannah, she is mild and meek—
 Her argument I love ; it is so sweet.
 Ladies, should you consent for us to light,
 The green-room ever would be our delight.
 We're very fond, you know of rural scenes ;
 And white is beautiful beside the green.
 You see we often step the merry dance,
 But 'tis with your consent that we advance.
 You dislike music, ma'm, we have been told,
 And our is simple—centres in the bowl.

* A name applied by a friend, denoting freshness and vivacity. The Gillyflower united denotes the sweetness of her temper.

Ladies, should you dislike for us to stay,
 Kindly conduct us o'er the ferry way.†
 Madam, my friend upbraids me for my chat ;
 I have to speak for both. Should you like that ?

† "O'er the ferry way," the residence of my friend's brother, a delightful farm situated between Bristol and Newport, called the "Elam Place."

THE REPLY.

Oh, why are you so far from home,
 On this cold night abroad to roam ?
 Has your behavior been correct ?
 I am unwilling to suspect.
 Walk in. Don't stand ; pray take a seat ;
 A stranger I will always greet.
 You praise my house and call it splendid,
 And praise its inmates, too.
 If a mere compliment's intended,
 Civility's your due.
 I'll give you shelter for the night,
 And view you by the morning light ;
 If, on acquaintance, you should prove
 Worthy of Madam Flora's love,
 Then grandma will not plead in vain,
 Nor cousin H——, with her sweet strain.
 Miss Gillyflower will be delighted,
 To take in wanderers benighted ;
 So I consent ; call this your home,
 Nor ever from your goddess roam ;
 At her command, among her flowers,
 Spend all your thoughtless, playful hours,
 Contrasting with her vivid greens,

Your white robe, which transparent seems.
 Though music has no charms for me,
 I'm not opposed to others' glee :
 You and your friend may dance and sing,
 And welcome the return of spring ;
 And when the General returns,
 And gratitude each bosom warms,
 Thank him for all the good I've done—
 For he and I, you know, are one.
 Then be content ; no boat nor wherry,
 Shall take you t'other side the ferry.

LINES,

Addressed to a lady on the arrival of her husband in New York.

How sweet is the dawn of the spring—
 Its odorous blossoms how gay ;
 The birds on the boughs sweetly sing,
 And drive all our sorrows away.

And here are rich blessings anew ;
 True, Heaven is good and is kind ;
 The return of your partner to you,
 Will bring a sweet peace to your mind.

And oh, how happy he'll be,
 To find you enjoying good health ;
 For, oh, lovely Sarah, you see
 That you are a part of himself.

Your aid, gentle breezes, do lend,
 And waft him safe over the sea.
 You must not forget, my dear friend,
 Who it is that returns him to thee.

TO THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

To thee, my friend, I wish a happy year,
With friendship true, and with a heart sincere ;
May this new year a bounteous blessing prove,
And calm the bosom of the friend I love.

May that connubial tie from her be loosed,
Till some fond Damon shall the bondage choose ;
And then with care she'll mind the nicest part—
Join not the hand till you have won the heart.

There needs no caution, then, methinks she'll say ;
And with a flirt she throws my scroll away.
But still I see her take it up anew,
And say, " I'll read,"—because her heart is true.

The happy year again the theme she'll lend,
With anxious wishes for our absent friends :
May the dark curtain of the winter scene
Be calmy drawn, and spring-time blessings bring.

Then let the gales be gentle, kind and sure,
And speed the barque on this her destined tour ;
While May's sweet breezes waft them gently home,
Laden with riches from a foreign clime.

Then their return will crown the jocund year :
Old friends, old scenes, and all they hold most dear
Will crowd around, and fill each heart with love—
Each voice with thanks to him who reigns above.



TO A YOUNG LADY.

My dear young friend, O may you e'er be blest,
And may your bosom be the seat of rest ;
May each succeeding day new pleasures bring,
All pure and lovely as returning spring.

A little fortune be your happy lot,
And on a rising green erect your cot ;
Around your bower may blooming hawthorn spring,
And intervening flowers fresh fragrance bring.

May deeds of honor crown your frugal board,
And Heaven's rich blessings be your great reward.
Æolian harps your nightly windows grace,
And softly lull you to your balmy rest.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Sweet Josephine, thou hast left this drear abode,
To be an angel with thy Father, God !
There, in sweet strains, thy little lisping tongue
Will chant the praises angels never sung.
Farewell, dear babe ! A last, a long farewell,
Till we in heaven with thee shall ever dwell.



ON SEEING A LOVELY CHILD.

How sweet is the dawn of an infant—
How fondly caressed is the smile ;
The mother, though tired and weary,
Forgets all, when blessed with her child.

When the beautiful bud has expanded,
And opens its bloom to our view ;
Oh, then we see with advantage,
What Nature intended to do.

And now she can play and can prattle—
With her doll and her toys loves to dwell ;
And who upon earth is so happy,
As the dear little girl, Abby Bell.

A WISH FOR THE SAILOR.

May the winds and the waves prove auspicious to thee,
And waft you safe on where your wishes may be ;
Then Heaven befriend you, and reward all your toil,
And load up your ship with a pressure of oil.



